UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Bridging the Gulf Between Judaism and Christianity - *Karl M. Chworowsky*

"Abuses" Under Capitalism: Can They Be Prevented? - - *Victor S.* Yarros

Comments on Switzerland - *John Haynes Holmes*

The Buddha's Way of Peace - - - - - - - - *Haridas T. Muzumdar*

The Study Table

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

India Moves Ahead

In the midst of world chaos a note of hope and progress is heard from India. The political prophets have long foretold that India could never enjoy freedom because there were too many factions and divisions in the country. India, it was said, should be grateful to the British raj for giving it a measure of unity and order. Civil war would surely result from independence.

But the reality has been rather different. Even the limited freedom which the country now enjoys has resulted in remarkable changes and even more far-reaching programs of action which augur well for the future, particularly if full freedom is obtained. The story is summarized by Horace G. Alexander in a pamphlet of the New Fabian Research Bureau, published by Victor Gollancz in London. (*Congress Rule in India. A Study in Social Reform.*)

The Indian National Congress is the vehicle of these reforms. In the 1937 elections it won 711 seats out of a total of 1,585. This happened in spite of, or perhaps because of, the five-year period of repression under Lord Willingdon. A considerable number of provinces were thus brought under Congress control.

But the Congress had campaigned in opposition to the new British-made constitution and for independence. Would the newly elected Congress members now take office or not? The Congress Committee met, re-affirmed its determination to end the constitution, and decided to accept office in the provinces where it commanded a majority, provided the British Governors would not use their special powers of interference or set aside the advice of ministers in constitutional matters. The Governors would give no assurance of non-interference, nonetheless Congress ministries were formed in seven provinces.

Immediately there was a great wave of reform. Political prisoners, some of whom had languished in jail since 1921, were released in great numbers. The release of the Andaman Islands hunger strikers was particularly spectacular and well received. Not all politicals have been released, but the work is going forward.

Civil liberties were next reëstablished. The ban on scores of organizations was removed. Freedom of the press was proclaimed and security deposits made as a guaranty of the proper attitude were returned. Bans on political groups and on political books have also been removed. The non-Congress provinces are still severely restricted in regard to civil liberties.

The greatest task before the Congress ministries is their program of social reform, particularly for the peasants and the industrial workers. The "dumb, semi-starved millions" of Indian peasants are to get a new deal. Their debts are being scaled down, in-

(Continued on page 64)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXII MONDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1938 No. 4

TIME

We must play for time. Time may bring its changes in leadership and changes in mood. New governments holding their power by revolutionary methods and not certain of their own security may be modified and mellowed. Economic circumstances may lead them back to the need of coöperation with other nations, as now is happening in Italy. The demands of their peoples for a relaxation of discipline and freer expression of differences may be admitted. In the totalitarian states there are still free-moving minds, and great reserves of good will and intelligence, a desperate desire for the avoidance of war, a passionate hope for security and tranquillity. . . . Let us play for time by every method of conciliation and good will without surrender of our ideals.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS, in *Across the Frontiers.*

THE FIGHT FOR PEACE

Never in all history has there been such a fight for peace as that conducted in those fateful September days by Chamberlain, Daladier, and Roosevelt. Never before, in any time or place, has the statesmanship of the world come so near to the pacifist policy of "peace at any price." That this policy stands justified is shown, we believe, by the curious succession of events in those last terrific days of crisis, and the public reaction thereupon. When, following Chamberlain's first visit to Hitler, it was announced that the British and French cabinets had agreed to yield to the Fuehrer's demand for the Sudeten area, a fierce cry of denunciation rent the sky. The British Labor Party was only one of many groups, in England and elsewhere, to brand Chamberlain as a coward, to denounce his action as perfidy, and to clamor furiously for war to the death. Then came the slow slide, inch by inch, hour by hour, to the edge of the abyss. Hitler was proving intransigent. He could not be satisfied or appeased. Mobilization was ordered in country after country. Air bombardment became an immediate menace. War was right at hand. Then, at the last tick before the zero hour, in that unforgettable scene in the House of Commons, came the word that Hitler had postponed his ultimatum and would meet the heads of states in Munich. Shouts of relief, cries of ecstatic joy, filled the air. The leader of the British Labor Party acclaimed the Prime Minister, and congratulated and thanked him. On the fateful Thursday, prayers went up around the world for the success of the conference. When at last it was announced that agreement had been reached and war thus prevented, or at least postponed, it seemed as though a second Armistice Day had come. Yet the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia was unchanged. Apart from the clarification of details in the arrangement, Chamberlain the hero stood exactly where Chamberlain the so-called coward of a few days before had stood! But in those few days something had happened. England and Europe had actually faced the grim realities of the war which the British and French cabinets had been wise enough to foresee, and now agreed that recognition of the principle of self-determination as applied to Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia was a small price to pay to preserve peace.

THESE THREE

In the incredible horror of these recent weeks, three things stand out of memorable worth and beauty. The first is Prime Minister Chamberlain's flight to Berschesgaten, to meet Hitler face to face in the first great crisis of the week of destiny. All questions of precedent, propriety, success or failure, vanish away forever before the sheer moral grandeur of that gesture of peace. Nothing like it has been known in history—the head of the world's greatest empire voluntarily humbling himself before brute arrogance and power in the endeavor to save mankind from dire and perhaps fatal calamity. John Masefield's lovely quatrain, comparing the act to Priam's visit to Achilles in quest of the body of his son, Hector, has alone expressed the majesty and pity of Chamberlain's deed. Second, we name the reply of President Benes of Czechoslovakia to the demand for the relinquishment of his Sudeten territory to Germany as a condition of world peace. This was no base surrender of a coward. Rather was it the sublime sacrifice of a hero. In his utterance was no reproach or complaint, no denunciation of the enemy, no hatred of any one, but only the noble confession of a great leader of his people. In the stupendous drama enacted in these days, Benes will remain forever a tragic and sublime figure. Lastly, we list President Roosevelt's last-minute appeal to Benes and Hitler, and later again to Hitler and Mussolini, for peace. One must search the greatest speeches and papers of Woodrow Wilson—indeed, the greatest utterances of statemen of all time—to find

anything fittingly to compare with these immortal documents. In the brief compass of a few hundred words, Mr. Roosevelt set forth with superb eloquence and clarity the whole gospel of peace in our time. Just what part the President's intervention played in the successful struggle to prevent war, we do not know. But it is our belief that when the history of this stupendous episode comes to be written, it will be revealed that the second message to Hitler marked the turning-point of the drama.

TIME—TIME!

We must believe that Neville Chamberlain is seriously desirous of peace. He has proved his sincerity in and devotion to this great cause. But Chamberlain is not an idealist, but rather a statesman. Into his plans, therefore, there must enter an element of prudent calculation. Hence our belief that his actions in recent weeks, as throughout his ministry, have been dictated not only by a genuine love of peace but also by a shrewd insistence upon policy. This policy may be summed up in the one word, time—gaining time. The more war threatens, the more it must be pushed off, postponed. Almost any price is worth paying for one more week, or month, or even hour, of delay. Time, time, give us time—and something, anything may happen! Just what this means may be as various as all the accidents of fortune. But one thing is sure, and that is that, given time enough, Hitler's regime must collapse and its leader disappear through sheer force of inner disintegration. Nothing, it seems to us, so fully explains Hitler's furious conduct in this Czechoslovakian crisis as the fact that he is finding it harder and harder to hold the Reich together. The Fuehrer is not insane, but he certainly is desperate—and desperation is driving him to extremes. Hence Chamberlain's determination to play for time, *time!* In this, to our way of thinking, is the justification of the Prime Minister's policy. The one way to get rid of Hitler is from within. No attack from without will do anything other than consolidate his strength, or else break it at such cost of destruction and death as will hurl the rest of the world with Germany into the pit of doom. But to leave Hitler alone—above all, refuse to fight him—and thus wait for the inevitable hour when some economic collapse, some political explosion, some vast popular upheaval will destroy him, this is to play the game as he can least afford to play it. Hitler is already overreaching himself. Conditions under his rule are getting worse rather than better. Money is scarce, raw materials are increasingly hard to procure, standards of life are low. Time, in other words, is all against him. Therefore does Chamberlain insist, at almost any cost, upon making time his ally! This, more than any silly slander about pro-Fascist sympathies, explains a policy which the pacifist himself would follow as not only wise but also right.

WHY DOESN'T WAR COME?

Every sign of the coming of war known to history is with us, and has been with us for a long time. Nations are involved in fierce contention over interests regarded as central to their welfare. Huge armaments are matched in competition on every frontier of the world. Irresponsible men dowered with supreme power and moved by fierce militaristic motives are in control of many governments. Crises of momentous magnitude emerge—and then recede. Actual wars break out in Ethiopia and Spain and China, and threaten to engulf mankind in the dreaded "next war"—but these conflagrations for some strange reason do not spread. This "next war," we are told by experts, is inevitable, but its coming is always put off until next year, or the year after. We have ourselves prophesied war, but after a month in Europe, we are not so sure. *Why doesn't war come?* First of all, we believe, because the people, the common people, are dead set against it everywhere. There is not a nation in Europe whose citizens want to fight. Even the populations dosed daily by the propaganda potions of dictatorial governments remain averse to conflict. The forces of war are meeting the dead inertia of a vast antiwar sentiment in every heart and home, and dread the possibility of this inertia being converted sooner or later into explosive rebellion. Nothing is more significant, to our mind, than the fact that, in the recent Czechoslovakian crisis, rumors of rebellion broke out on every front, most markedly in Germany and Italy. A second reason why war does not come is that no nation feels ready for war. But when, in terms of modern armaments, will any nation ever feel ready today? Armaments have become bankrupt as preparedness weapons, since they no longer assure the old safety. They bring not defeat to the enemy's border but destruction to one's own. Which brings us to a third reason—namely, that all nations today are afraid of war. Spain and China are teaching awful lessons of the illusiveness of victory. This machine warfare is terrible, but not decisive. It may destroy a world, but no longer create an empire. So the nations hold back, and "the next war" does not come. Of course, it still may come at any moment. With huge ammunition dumps piled on every frontier, with an international system dominated by an unstable equilibrium of national power, an explosion may annihilate us all tomorrow. But meanwhile, in the most dangerous situation in modern history, war does not come. That is a fact worth thinking about.

STRIKES AND DEPRESSIONS

Some light on the question of what is the matter with the United States and why we had a second depression in 1937-38 is shed by the recent report on labor conditions published at Geneva in the International Labor Office's Year Book. This report an-

nounces that in the year 1937 there was a total of 3,740 labor disputes in this country, "the highest number of labor difficulties" in all the nineteen countries for which complete figures are available. These disputes in the American industrial field involved 1,860,621 workers and a loss during the year of 28,424,994 working days. That huge number of lost working days is interesting—4,737,499 weeks (as estimated on the basis of a six-day week), 947,499 months (as estimated on the basis of a 30-day month), and 78,958 *years!* Anybody who thinks that a great industrial nation can prosper with any such annual loss of man power as this is plainly crazy. There is no prosperity except in wealth, no wealth except in production, and no production except in the labor of men's hands and brains. Whenever this labor is interrupted, and production thus lessened and wealth thus diminished, economic disaster is inevitable. Premier Daladier, of France, has discovered this fact from quite another point of view, and reminded his countrymen that there is no salvation, nor even safety, in the interruption or cessation of work. For the dreadful record written in America during this past year, the blame must be distributed. We blame first those employers, all too numerous still, who are openly or secretly, by violence or by stratagem, fighting the right of the workers to organize in their own interest. As long as such employers exist, there will be and ought to be trouble. Secondly, we blame certain arrogant labor leaders and irresponsible labor unions concerned primarily with matters of power and prestige, and ready at any time, even at the workers' bitter cost, to call a strike which will bring advantage to themselves. Lastly, and specifically, we blame the administration of the Wagner Labor Relations Act, which has used what is, in spite of serious defects, the greatest and most beneficent piece of labor legislation in this country's history as a partisan weapon to create rather than allay trouble in the field of industry. As a fundamental and all-inclusive indictment, we blame a system of production which arrays capital against labor in a ceaseless and ruthless struggle for the spoils of factory and farm. When will we be wise enough to organize an economic system which will induce men to coöperation instead of driving them to contention?

THE PARTY MIX-UP

There is plenty of bitterness, hard feeling, and out-and-out despair in the present political situation in this country, but we get only sweet content from our survey of the fracas. The undenied and undeniable break-up of the Democratic Party, for example, gives us no pain. On the contrary, we regard with the utmost satisfaction the war raging between the radicals and conservatives, and care not at the moment which side wins. What is important, it seems to us, is that an unholy alliance of southern reactionaries and northern progressives, masquerading for years as the so-called Democratic Party, should now in decency be dissolved. If President Roosevelt deserves well of his countrymen in no other respect, he certainly is entitled to an accolade for making impossible any longer this lecherous union of lefts and rights in the interest of the spoils of office. The Democratic Party should have smashed up long ago. Now let it crack till its disjointed fragments break permanently apart. Similarly delightful to our soul is the spectacle of the Republican Party rushing to the aid of anti-Roosevelt Democrats, and making the cause of these Democrats their own. With Republicans voting in Democratic primaries wherever possible, or openly endorsing "purged" Democratic candidates for office (as in the case of Representative O'Connor, of New York), or actually taking Democrats as their own candidates, it would seem as though Democrats and Republicans of like conservative opinions were at last coming together, as they should have done long since. For decades nothing has been more ridiculous politically than the artificial performance of a fight between Democrats and Republicans for office. What is now before us, unless we are woefully deceived, is a break-up of the two old parties, with a reasonable assurance that at last the political forces of this country may be divided between a party of liberals, or radicals, on the one hand, and a party of conservatives, or reactionaries, on the other. This assurance is quickened and strengthened by the presence of the La Follette third party, which may well serve as the crystallizing center of the new political alignment. But all this lies in the future. What is now important, and beneficent, is the confusion hurling the Democratic and Republican Parties alike into chaos.

ITALY AND THE JEWS

The march of anti-Semitic sentiment in Italy is a fearful thing. If anti-Semitism can catch fire in this fashion in this country, what country anywhere is proof against a conflagration? The total Jewish population in Italy is not more than 44,000, or one Jew to every one thousand of the population. (In Germany, it will be remembered the ratio was one Jew to every one hundred of the popuation!) In all probability, the overwhelming majority of Italians have never seen a Jew. Nor has there been any feeling against them in Italy apart from the universally tragic prejudice inherent in Christian theological teachings. Now suddenly, under direct promptings from Fascist headquarters, for reasons not yet in any way explained, a full-fledged anti-Semitic campaign is under way. In a period of a few weeks, Italy is undertaking to do what even Nazi Germany has not attempted—to expel Jews bodily from the country! Thus, early in September it was announced in Rome that all foreign Jews, even those granted citizenship since 1919, "must leave

the territory [of Italy and its possessions] within six months." Incidentally, here is a beautiful illustration of what it means to live in a country without any democratic laws or institutions. Without consulting public sentiment, or taking a vote of the people, a decree is summarily handed down from above, robbing one whole group of the population of its legal rights, and making the entire body of the Italian people *particeps criminis* in the outrage. What a travesty on civilization! That native Italian Jews are next in order for attack may be taken for granted. Already the old racial lies are being blasted abroad, and the nation thus prepared for a repetition of the German pogrom. To think of the Jew today in Germany and Austria and Roumania, and now in Italy, is to contemplate what is in many ways the supreme tragedy of modern times. As Italy thus joins the Jew-baiters, is not the United States more than ever bound, in fidelity to its own tradition, to come to the rescue of the oppressed?

Jottings

Universal languages—music, playing cards and chessmen, sports, and dancing! Are there others?

During this past summer we traveled in four European countries on the international currency known as American Express checks. This currency represents a purely private enterprise, yet is everywhere—in banks, hotels, and stores—as good as money. When will the nations of the world match private enterprise by creating an official international currency—real money, good in every country? H. G. Wells has said that this is one of the first big steps towards peace. We agree!

We have never yet been quite able to understand these young Americans who go to Spain to fight for the government, and then, after a few months, come home again. Especially are we mystified by the rapturous receptions given these returning Americans at the steamship piers. We had thought that, in a holy crusade of this kind, one at least saw it through, to say nothing of giving one's life. Is it possible that the war in Spain doesn't look quite so holy when one gets into it?

The three scourges of Europe these days are dictators, demagogues, and die-hards. If some dispensation of Providence could remove these three elements from the scene, all trouble would disappear at once.

Italian scientists have now discovered that Italians are Aryans, too! This would be sad news for Caesar, who thought himself a Latin and fought for years to save Rome from the Germanic hordes across the Rhine. And where does this leave the new Caesar, Mussolini? Will he thus sell his birthright for a mess of Nazi pottage?

When we look at what has been happening in Ireland this past summer, we have hope for Palestine. If bloodshed can be healed between English and Irish, it can be healed as well between Arab and Jew.

J. H. H.

Out of the Jungle! Light!

(To Phul Chand at Jagdalpur, India)

Out of the jungle! What?
Death, and the shadow of darkness,
Death, and the oozing mud of the twilight road?

Out of the jungle! What?
The hiss of the cobra, the scream of the jaguar,
And the bleak despair of the brown man's heavy load?

Out of the jungle! What?
Death, and the drums of rebellion,
Death, and the mocking-sweet of bitter fruit?

Out of the jungle! What?
The twang of the arrow, the silhouette of savage,
Fled to his dumb black god with the silent flute?

Out of the jungle! This!
Life, and the pattern of daylight,
Life, and the stipple of sunshine warm on the jungle road!

Out of the jungle! This!
The murmur of praying, the crackle of laughter,
And a mystical partner sharing a brown man's load!

Out of the jungle! This!
Life, and the tread of the ox cart,
Life, and the strong red wine of berries for the old!

Out of the jungle! This!
Men in clean white garments, men singing, looking upward,
Bathed in the feathery dust of Vega's gold!

—Ollie L. Roediger

Bridging the Gulf Between Judaism and Christianity

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY

That a great gulf is fixed between the two great world religions, Judaism and Christianity, seems apparent from the almost continuous hostility shown Jews throughout the western world during the centuries of so-called "Christian civilization" and more specifically from the recrudescence of anti-Semitism in our own day, a recrudescence that is the more terrifying since men had come to believe that the gulf between the two religions was being successfully bridged on the one hand by steadily increasing enlightenment and education, and on the other hand by the growth of democracy and the spirit of tolerance and understanding.

Obviously, the optimism of those who felt that any recurrence of religious persecution on a large scale would be impossible in the twentieth century must be considerably discounted; and further, the renewed outbreaks of this vicious type of religious fanaticism known as anti-Semitism in Germany, Poland, Italy, and other European countries can hardly be explained on the simple basis of conflicting "economic and political" forces. Rather does it become increasingly evident that there is something in the very psychology and temperament of Christian nations and peoples that makes them so easy a prey to anti-Semitic agitation and that somewhere among the roots of the problem we shall have to look for precisely the psychological, if not theological, *conditioning* that makes possible in Christian lands these periodic outbursts of Jew-hatred.

We know that throughout those early centuries of our era, during which the Christian religion established itself as one of the most powerful religious organizations of the world, the gulf between the new religion and its mother-religion Judaism had been progressively widened and deepened. Only infrequently were feeble and wholly inadequate efforts at understanding essayed, and what hope was there for this endeavor when from the Christian camp there came the insistent "either—or," viz. "*either* you Jews accept the religion of the New Testament, the religion of Messianic fulfillment, *or* suffer the consequences of those who stand judged and condemned of God for killing the Christ and rejecting the salvation of his religion." Is it surprising that such an alternative should have proved disastrous to the building of bridges and served only to widen the gulf?

The last centuries have seen a few more brave bridgebuilders and have produced a few bridges that seemed to some of us more durable and promising. The spirit of humanism, the ever widening scope of popular education, the growing ideal of democracy, and the expanding spirit of universal brotherhood have furnished the energy and the materials for these latest attempts at bringing together those millions whom only the blindness of bigoted theologians and the stubbornness of fanatical ecclesiastics have kept apart. But even in our modern day, when we felt that the age of pogroms and persecutions for conscience sake had passed, never to return, and when we were sure that "it can't happen here," we have been grossly disillusioned by the incontrovertible evidence that the old gulf between Jew and Christian still exists, that our bridges have either failed to reach across the abyss or have been washed away by the periodically resurgent tides of anti-Semitism.

It is my honest conviction that the fault for this condition lies chiefly and primarily with the Christian. However the Christian may gloat over the alleged persecutions of the early Christians by the Jewish church, it certainly is reliable history that for almost two thousand years the Jew has not been in a position to persecute the Christian, even had he wanted to, and that on the other hand the Christian has had the power during these centuries to humiliate, abuse, and persecute the Jew and that he has availed himself of every opportunity for this ghastly practice.

There is no need for conjuring ancient skeletons from musty closets by recalling the experiences of the Jew in medieval Europe, the story of ghetto, inquisition, of auto da fe and expatriation; no need for rehearsing the tragic story of the Maranos in Spain, the sad tale of the 600,000 made homeless and fugitive in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella; why even mention the bloody record of pogrom and disfranchisement in Russia, Roumania, and Poland, and the Mendel Beilis case of recent, unholy memory? The present revival of anti-Semitism in Europe, the cynical sadism of totalitarian rulers towards Jewish minorities, the recent attempts of Father Coughlin to blow new life into the dead bones of the myth about the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion," and the latest efforts of a Christian clergyman in Kansas to inject anti-Semitism into a political campaign—all these phenomena clearly and unmistakably indicate that the gulf between Christians and Jews still exists, that it is still deep and terrifying, and that more, much more, must be done by all friends of religion and good will if firm and indestructible bridges are ever to be thrown across this chasm of suspicion and ill will.

I firmly believe that such bridges can be built and that they must be built from both edges of the gulf, by eager hearts and hands on both sides, hearts and hands that are unafraid to erect the stanchions and to lay the planks despite the voices of discouragement and dissuasion. And if in this common task I seem to press the responsibility of my fellow-Christians rather than the responsibility of the Jew, the reasons should be obvious: the wrong of the centuries, the wrong that has done most to dig and widen the gulf between the two religions, is the wrong done by the Christian to the Jew, not vice versa. Therefore it seems to me that the greater responsibility rests upon the Christian and that the burden of the proof of good will and understanding lies upon him. Wrong and guilt demand repentance and atonement, and in this instance there can be no question as to whose guilt calls for repentance and whose injury cries for justice. In other words, if there is to be any bridgebuilding, the first step for the Christian to take will be that of humility and repentance. Any understanding between the two religions is impossible so long as the Christian maintains his attitude of condescension and insists on his superiority.

This fundamental attitude, so necessary for any sort of understanding, has thus far been sorely lack-

ing on the part of the Christian. The Christian went out into a pagan world, convinced that he had the only true religion; on this basis he has tried to convert the world through centuries of missionary activity; on this basis he has always approached the Jew. Is it possible to change this attitude of the Christian? If not, what hope is there for understanding and coöperation? For, obviously, and with good cause, the Jew refuses to be treated as an inferior either as to race, culture, ethics, or religion. If the Christian is earnestly concerned to enter into cordial relations of fellowship and coöperative brotherhood with the Jew, if their association here and elsewhere is to be more than polite conversation based on a sentimental tolerance, the Christian will have to recognize a few painfully true facts.

The Christian will have to recognize that his religion is not superior, in any objective and reasonable sense of that term, to the religion of his Jewish brother. And here let me speak very frankly. The Christian must learn that much of what theological leaders and ecclesiastical teachers have for centuries taught him as truth may be at the best half-truth, if not in many instances untruth. Let him realize that Christianity is not superior to Judaism in its conception of Deity. On the contrary, the Jewish conception of ethical monotheism is, both philosophically and ethically, infinitely nobler and higher than the Christian concept of Trinitarianism which, when analyzed, seems little more than a degrading of the prophetic idea of God to the level of a semi-pagan dogma of implied tritheism. What is there "higher" for a rational person about a God-idea that resolves itself into the fantastic chemico-philosophical formula D3H1 (three elements of Deity to one element of Humanity), as in the doctrine of the Trinity, than the sublime dignity of the Godhead as expressed in the majestic Sh'ma? (Hear, O Israel!) And this was the God-concept of Jesus.

Nor are Christian ethics superior to Jewish ethics. All that is noble and enduring in Christian morality and ethics has been taken substantially from the Jewish moral law, from the inspired teachings of the prophets and the rabbis, and no further proof of this fact is needed than the words of Jesus himself, a Jew at all times, a son of Israel nurtured by the Torah and taught by the rabbis. Centuries of Christian thought have added nothing essential to the concept of social justice or to the idea of individual responsibility to God and Man as proclaimed by the prophets of Israel.

Nor is it true that Christianity is "the religion of love" in any unique sense. The heart of the Gospels, if we may believe Jesus, is the Great Commandment, and that is Jewish whatever its roots in history may be. The lyrical beauty of New Testament passages expressing the love of God and man can be matched by the Old Testament *Song of Songs,* by the infinitely tragic book of *Hosea,* and by the countless passages of majestic grandeur in the major prophets; and after all, are not both I Corinthians 13 and the Lord's Prayer essentially Jewish in spirit?

Nor is it true that Christianity is universal in spirit while Judaism is parochial and provincial. The explicit universality of Christianity has nearly always developed into an implicit provincialism by its insistence that the universal love of God can be enjoyed only in the particular forms of some ecclesiastical organization and in those definite acts of sacramentarian ministration as prescribed by the churches. On the other hand, the implicit universality of Judaism has always become explicit in its insistence that all men are God's children and that, in the famous words of Peter, "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to Him." The vigorous proselytizing activity of Christianity does not prove its universality nearly as much as the willingness of Judaism to let men find their own approach to God proves the sound and basically liberal catholicity of the religion of the Old Testament.

Where then is the much vaunted "superiority" of Christianity over Judaism? It is a fiction, cultivated by clever theologians and by blind fanatics to gain a questionable prestige and to wield a dangerous power over their followers. Men can find satisfaction in their beliefs and comfort in their religion without pouring scorn and contempt upon others that do not happen to share their particular convictions. If the Christian is willing to judge Judaism by its noblest fruits in character and personality, even as he demands that his religion be judged, the question of superiority will never arise, and both Jew and Christian, following the admonition of the great Galilean, "by their fruits ye shall know them," will find in their common possessions of faith and hope sufficient ground for coöperation and fellowship, and in the so-called barriers of tradition and cutural mores no valid reason for continued suspicion and hostility.

Is it asking too much that in these confused days the faithful Christian be urged to give an example of moral heroism by approaching his Jewish brother in the spirit outlined above? I am certain that if Christians everywhere begin building the bridges of understanding and fellowship in this spirit, the response from the other side will not fail of cordiality and warmth.

Can this gulf be bridged? I am certain it can, and that with trust and perseverance the loyal members of these two great world religions, Judaism and Christianity, must and can begin building *today,* with new consecration of purpose, larger and stronger bridges to span the ancient gulf, bridges firmly anchored in the concrete of good will, constructed of the steel of mutual trust, and built for those long tomorrows when our children and children's children shall have forgotten the petty divisions and schisms of today and shall live together in peace and brotherhood as God wills it.

Plea for Tolerance

The shallow meadow brook is often clear as glass,
But through its trickling course no tide or storm will pass,
While far through the ocean's deep no human ever saw,
But the sea reveals Thy power and the depths awaken awe.

Some natures are too deep for men to have understood,
But if their acts are Thine, then they are glad and good.
Thy ways are far beyond our merely mortal sight—
Enough for us to know Thy will and know it right.

—Elizabeth Voss

"Abuses" Under Capitalism: Can They Be Prevented?

VICTOR S. YARROS

Many high-minded men and women, though fully aware of the evils which the wageworkers, the consumers, and the farmers, as well as other groups, suffer under the present economic system, are not prepared to accept Socialism in any form as a desirable and feasible substitute for Capitalism, so-called. These persons distrust government, partisan politics, bureaucracy, the whole policy of regulation and control of business, with the exception, perhaps, of a few public utilities, or "natural monopolies." They have not lost faith in fair competition, private initiative, industrial liberty, and the profit system as such. They still believe that Capitalism can be redeemed, socialized, and humanized, and that all the injustices complained of can be corrected by legislative and administrative reforms not at all radical, reforms well within the ethical principles professed by society and even by the business world. It is safe to say that our great and influential middle class strongly holds this view. It is a view that challenges and merits candid consideration.

It must be admitted at the outset that Capitalism is *not* properly represented by the Girdlers and Fords. *Intelligent* capitalists, and the business managers who serve them, tend to recognize labor unions, are willing to bargain collectively with unionized employes, respect fair-trading statutes, refrain from cut-throat competition, do away with child labor, pay decent wages, and ungrudgingly support old-age and unemployment insurance systems. True, such employers are still rather exceptional, but they set examples to the majority, and their number is slowly growing.

Capitalism, again, does not necessarily involve the sweating of women, the unconscionable exploitation of children, the obstinate refusal to grant labor essential rights, or the willful plundering and cheating of the consuming public. Capitalism, *in theory,* is quite compatible with personal honesty, integrity, good will, and reasonableness.

But it is a serious question whether those who sincerely pray or work for a purified and reclaimed Capitalism—Capitalism minus abuses—have an adequate idea of the number, variety, and magnitude of the "abuses" developed by Capitalism and tolerated by the governments largely controlled by Big Business and the legal advisers and tools of Big Business.

We cannot, in any paper or even any series of papers, discuss and illustrate all the major abuses of Capitalism, but a few typical and representative instances may serve to direct attention to thousands of like instances.

We hear much, at all times, of the demagogues, the modern Jack Cades, who seek to stir up the masses against the classes; of the politicians who, catering to labor votes and sentimental social workers, enact discriminatory and steeply progressive tax laws—income, excise, and inheritance tax laws—for the benefit of the poor; of candidates for office, and editors and ministers of liberal churches who denounce the rich and prosperous as enemies of the masses who live below subsistence standards. Many rich persons quite sincerely believe that they owe nothing to the poor, and see no good reason for the confiscation, by taxation, of *their* wealth in the interest of the unemployed, the unfortunate, the inefficient.

Suppose we tell these "rugged individualists" that there is far more plundering of the *poor* by the *rich* and well-to-do than of the latter by the former? They would no doubt stare at us and think the statement wild. Let us, then, refer them in the first place to the book of Mr. Bernard J. Reis, *False Security,* recently published. Mr. Reis is no rabble-rouser, no agitator, no politician seeking high office. He is an accountant of repute, and he has served utilities, corporations, and Big Business all his life. His book is truly startling, profoundly disturbing, though written without passion. No reviewer for the conservative press has ventured to challenge its affirmations or its charges. Even in the organs of financial and commercial interests it has been commended and endorsed. And what does it reveal?

Here, to start with, is a terrible sentence, a revolutionary sentence:

"Simply stated, honesty plays little part in American business."

Has Marx, or Proudhon, or Lenin ever said anything more devastating and damning about business under Capitalism? What respect can we have for a business world in which *honesty* plays a negligible part? What claim has it to survival?

And here is another terrible sentence, descriptive of the character and contents of the work:

"An anatomy of grand larceny as practiced by the better classes."

The better classes, forsooth! They are better because they live better, are better educated, belong to more fashionable clubs and churches, patronize art, despise the poor and, as a rule, escape indictment and conviction! They clamor for the most vigorous prosecution of the racketeers, yet they are themselves systematic and inveterate racketeers.

Some of the revolting facts disclosed by Mr. Reis follow:

That the control of corporations is in the hands of boards of directors which, in many cases, do not own more than 5 per cent of the voting stocks, and that the stockholders are helpless.

That, unmolested by criticism and inquiry, corporation directors voted themselves magnificent salaries, and even increases of such salaries, through the depression, despite suspension of dividends, reductions in wages and other economies.

That the so-called guaranteed mortgages, advertised as absolutely safe investments, were not at all safe; that often inferior mortgages were improperly substituted for them, and that the whole bond and mortgage field was open to flagrant malpractices, abuses of trust, dishonest and selfish manipulations.

That crops of foreign bonds had been floated in this country solely for the benefit of the promoters and investment houses, and in some cases the foreign governments had to be coaxed to borrow the money, which they did not need at the time, and that even bribery was not excluded as a means of securing the chance to make huge profits at the expense of the unwary small investor.

That most of our investment trusts were mere receptacles into which executives unloaded securities they did not care to retain; that the purpose of the trusts were camouflaged, and that they did not serve the interest of investors, because, *unlike the British or Swiss investment trusts,* ours disregarded diversification, conservatism in investment, and disinterested management!

That in the reorganization of corporations, minority protests are often brushed aside by the courts, the majority interest is given the benefit of every doubt, and the tricks and stratagems by which the directors get proxies and obtain the right to represent the majority of the stockholders are ignored, laws designed to protect the more alert and intelligent minorities thus being nullified.

That many of the certified public accountants serve the subversive ends of greedy and unscrupulous corporation directors, sign misleading or unintelligible statements, and thus aid and abet frauds upon investors.

That our recent so-called protective legislation, congressional or State, does not in any effective way protect the investing public, and that "the truth about securities" remains a barren ideal.

Lack of space forbids mention of other facts brought out in Mr. Reis' illuminating book.

With Mr. Reis' remedial suggestions we are not concerned here. They may or may not be feasible or adequate. The point is that Capitalism, as a system, is the parent of that monstrosity, finance Capitalism, and there is no known method of controlling birth in *that* household.

Let us turn for a moment to the stock exchanges and the commodity exchanges. These institutions object violently to regulation by any governmental agency; they believe, they say, in self-regulation. Unfortunately, the more they practice their self-regulation, the less good they accomplish. The trouble, of course, is that the majority of the operators on those exchanges are parasites—they perform no useful service whatever. They produce nothing; they help no one to produce anything. In theory, the exchanges are beneficial to industry because they constitute an open, continuous market for the actual purchases and sales of securities and commodities, and under our system such a market is necessary. But the professional speculators have nothing to sell and nothing to buy; they are not investors, and they are not manufacturers or merchants. Their contracts are not the hedging contracts which millers, for example, enter into in order to protect themselves against unforeseen price fluctuations. Why should society support in luxury or comfort hosts of speculators who contribute nothing to wealth?

Finance Capitalism in all its relations with industry spells perversion and demoralization. It means absentee control, and it means subordination of service to considerations of profit at any cost. It means juggling and manipulation of securities by "insiders," fake sales, deliberate deception of the investing public.

In transportation, finance Capitalism means scandals heaped upon scandals—Van Sweringen, "railroad empires," pyramids of holding and subsidiary companies, wind and water in securities, divorce between service and management.

Capitalism has become another name for monopoly in sundry forms. Gentlemen's agreements, identical bids, mergers and consolidations, intimidation and coercion of the smaller units, restrictive contracts, devices and stratagems without number which the public cannot even understand, and which state and federal authorities occasionally, and vainly, attack in the courts under ambiguous statutes, or statutes rendered innocuous and toothless by judicial interpretation—all these noxious practices are notoriously characteristic of Capitalism. What a task it would be to reform them all, and altogether!

And what of the receivership scandals; the outrageous charges of promoters and organizers, or reorganizers, of utilities and corporations; the fantastically high salaries and bonuses of business executives; the employers of corrupt and tricky lobbyists and of spies and thugs; the misbranding and mislabeling of goods, and the actual adulteration and debasement of goods?

Let us recall some of the revelations in the little book, *Other People's Money,* written years ago by Justice Brandeis, a man whom Big Business never liked, but whose ability, knowledge, and character all fair-minded persons now admire and respect. Let us re-read what he had to say about the extortionate charges made by the investment bankers for their services in underwriting so-called securities, in creating parasitic holding companies, in buying off independents. In one instance, a bank charged over $60,000,000 for a few weeks' work, and the owners of the money thus paid, as Justice Brandeis says, for nothing but "leave to invest it." The industrial trusts feed the money trust, and the latter, for the sake of huge profits, "contrives," to use the word of Walter Lippmann, unnecessary, unsound, and inefficient industrial trusts.

"We must break the money trust, or the money trust will break us," says Justice Brandeis. The breaking process is powerfully aided by the monopolies which maintain high prices despite consumers' strikes, business failures, and unemployment.

When and where has Big Business reformed itself? The most moderate reforms have had to be forced upon the railroads, the packers, the stock exchanges, the banks, and the insurance companies. Yet the buccaneers and swindlers in finance and industry complain of "regimentation" and of government "spying" and meddling. They bemoan the loss of their freedom—freedom to poison food, to grant secret rebates, dynamite competitors, ruin whole communities!

Of course the individual man of affairs is not *always* responsible for the dishonest things he does. Ruthless monopoly, on one hand, and cut-throat competition, on the other, may force him to violate his conscience and his principles. The point is that the "system," or lack of system, under which he operates penalizes morality, decency, and honesty, and is responsible for the appalling situation described and illustrated by Mr. Reis and by Justice Brandeis.

We have "democratized" business by means of the corporation. We point with pride to the fact that in this country millions of men and women of limited means and restricted opportunities "own" corporate plants and receive dividends and interest on their investments. How many of these millions are victimized, robbed, fleeced by the directorates of the corporations, we do not know. Too many of these investors, "owners" of corporate property, are mute, helpless, timid, ignorant, isolated. Few of the ingenious lawyers

represent them; there is more profit in representing the racketeers, the promoters, the piratical financiers, the stock gamblers.

He, then, must be simple-minded indeed who believes that we can redeem, purify, and moralize industry, finance, and business. The truth is that world developments—the closing of open doors, the recrudescense of fanatical nationalism, the fierce struggles for raw materials and colonies, the frenzied preparations for another great war—all these depressing phenomena spell *increasing* demoralization of business, the rebarbarization of societies, the repudiation of ethical and religious doctrines long professed by the so-called Christian nations. To preserve Capitalism is thus to preserve and exacerbate all its abuses and evils.

We have no alternative but to continue along the thorny path of gradual socialization of industry. Public ownership and *trustee* operation must replace private ownership and private operation. The process had better be gradual. We should begin with the utilities—the railroads, the water carriers, the power companies, the mines. We must put these enterprises under the direction and management of trained, capable and socially-minded engineers and technicians. We must establish independent "authorities" to operate those enterprises, and keep partisan and spoils politics at a safe distance from them. Public ownership need *not* mean bureaucratic or political operation. Collectivism need *not* mean "State" Socialism, or State tyranny. We now have the technique and the experience that will enable us to avoid those pitfalls. We can plan under the guidance of disinterested science, not of politics. We can convert science into an instrument of social welfare, not of private greed and selfish ambition.

It is the duty and function of educators, academic and other, to interpret present trends and events to the great public; to fight sophistry and falsehood; to formulate problems clearly and to offer, tentatively, solutions for them in a realistic and pragmatic spirit; to favor experiments and to watch them critically and sympathetically.

The present system is morally bankrupt and economically rotten. Without the spectacles of dialectical materialism, it is easy to see that it is unfit to survive, and is doomed to collapse. The desperate methods of the half-mad dictators, the gospel of autarchy and brute might, will not save it. The dictators are bluffing and gambling, but in the end they will precipitate a catastrophic war, and they seem to realize that their defeat, which is inevitable, will be followed by revolutions and upheavals. In their nightmares, one cannot doubt, they hear the tramp of the dreaded Soviets of soldiers, sailors, aviators, peasants, and workers. Democracies, apparently weak and divided, are actually strong enough and vital enough to avert both Fascism and fanatical Communism by proceeding to build a rational and humane economic and social order.

Comments on Switzerland

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

What is to be said that is in any way new or enlightening about this marvellous little country of Switzerland, in which I have recently been traveling? Of the wonders of its scenery everybody knows—nor have I words to match the eloquence which has long since glorified mountain, lake, and glacier-pass. Read Byron's "Manfred," Coleridge's "Hymn Written in the Vale of Chamonix," numerous poems by Shelley, familiar prose passages of Rousseau, Gibbon, John Addington Symonds, if you would have curtains lifted upon this stupendous panorama of Nature! The same is true of the Swiss people—their intelligence, their simplicity, their integrity, and their basic democracy of mind and spirit, to say nothing of their physical hardihood and courage. All this is as well-known as the history of these cantons, which is one of the hero-sagas of the race. I am following in a field so gleaned by the myriads who have gone before me, that there are hardly left any straws or sticks for my feeble clutch.

I.

I have been in Switzerland before, but only on the edges, so to speak—Geneva, Basle, Lugano, Montreux. This summer, for the first time, I plunged into the real Switzerland—sailed the lakes of Leman, Lucerne, Maggiori, and Lugano, crossed the Grimsel, the Klausen, and the Simplon Passes, trod the snowy ridges of the Jungfraujock and the Gornegrat, saw the beauties of Berne, the Engadine, and the William Tell country. Railways, steamboats, automobiles, funiculars, even horse-drawn vehicles and my own two feet, were among the means of conveyance employed. I followed well-beaten tourist trails, but also found my way on occasion to unlikely places. I saw the country, and something at least of its people.

What first and to the end impressed me was the happy mingling within the borders of a single country of various nationalities, races, religions, and languages. Switzerland in this respect is in certain ways more remarkable even than the United States, for there is no movement of nationalization in this land—no attempt to start a "melting-pot" boiling. Each group in Switzerland remains what it is in its own distinctive identity, and yet harmonizes perfectly with all the other groups.

I found it fascinating, for example, to journey north into Switzerland from Italy. On crossing the border into Switzerland, one seemed for miles still to be in Italy. The houses were better, but everywhere Italian in style and architecture. The people were cleaner, taller, better clothed, but of the dark Italian type. Even a city like Lugano was essentially an Italian city, though well inside the Swiss frontier and swarming with tourists come to enjoy Swiss scenery and life. And of course in these southern areas the language was Italian—on the streets, in the movies, on the signboards. Then, almost imperceptibly, one noticed that the houses were changing—there were now overhangs to the roofs, balconies before the windows, outside staircases, and at last everywhere the unmistakable Swiss chalet. The livestock was different, too—there were fewer donkeys, the horses were stout and strong, the cows no longer mean and scrawny, but fat, well fed, and good "milkers." And now, suddenly, there was a new language—Italian had gone, and German had come to take its place! One noticed it first

in the signs on the railroad stations; then one heard it in the talk of the conductors and porters; and at last one swam in it, so to speak, as all about was the flood of German speech. Just when all this transformation took place, at what point one crossed the cultural line —who can say? As well ask where one color in the solar spectrum ends, and another begins! The fact is that, within the borders of southern Switzerland, there exist these two countries, Italy and Germany, with the one merging so imperceptibly into the other that they seem as one, and as a matter of fact so perfectly that they *are* one.

The religious factor in this mingling of diverse elements interested me. In Milan, two hours south of Lugano, I was told that there were I know not now how many hundred Catholic churches, and just one Protestant church. One Protestant church for a civic population of 1,125,000 souls! In Lugano, in addition to the English church for tourists, I found only one Protestant church. But this was composed of two congregations—one German, and the other Italian. Each conducted in this one building its own service in its own language, and I suppose did its own work among its own people. Catholic churches are conspicuous in Lugano, as in the countryside round about. This is a Catholic area. But as one travels farther north and west, the Protestants grow strong, till in Geneva you reach the historic stronghold of Protestantism in Europe. Curious, this passing in Switzerland from districts where wayside shrines for the faithful wayfarers are not unknown, to a city still pulsing with the tradition of Calvin and Beza—and Zwingli's Zurich not many miles away!

In Czechoslovakia, at this fearful moment,* is exactly the problem that has been so happily solved in Switzerland. English statesmen seem to have had some imagination in thinking of the Swiss cantons as perhaps furnishing a pattern for the settlement of the strife between Sudeten Germans and Bohemians, with Hungarian and Polish minorities on the side. Is there no imagination in German minds in Berlin and Czech minds in Prague, to see this model of what may be done? The Swiss are in origin, and in their living culture, Italian, German, and French. Had they not behind them centuries of amity and concord, they also at this moment might be warring among themselves, and threatening to cast the whole world into war. What they have learned and so admirably practice is what the Sudetens and Czechs must speedily learn to practice—namely, the law of self-respect. In Switzerland, no one group seeks primacy over, nor yet separation from, the others. All recognize the common good, and reverence the mutual respect and friendship which serve that common good. With the result that they have ended war, and all the anger and clamor, prejudice and hate, that make for war, and have established peace forever!

II.

But if there is peace within the borders of Switzerland, there is little peace without. So the Switzers, like all the other peoples of Europe, are afraid, and are preparing for war.

We saw our first signs of an armed Switzerland, when we ran into some kind of war maneuvers in the Grimsel Pass. We had seen soldiers here and there in Switzerland, of course—any European country today would seem strange without soldiers!—but only here did we come face to face with war. On the craggy slopes of the Pass, on both sides of the road as we went by in our fast automobile, were young boys fully equipped with uniforms, packs, rifles, and steel helmets. They were hiding in the bushes, dodging behind rocks, now and then hurrying across the road to new positions. We heard at intervals the rat-tat-tat of machine guns. Farther on, we ran into some supply trains. There seemed to be no concealment—there was no interference with our coach, nor with private automobiles going by. But this was obviously some aspect of serious military training. The Switzers were preparing to defend their mountain passes.

I shall always associate this picture with another picture which we saw some days later under somewhat similar circumstances. We had been climbing the long pass to St. Moritz 'round and around the dizzy slopes of the towering peaks, the road twisting itself for miles into those hairpin turns over the vast precipices pitching into the valleys below which make the climbing of a pass one of the thrilling experiences of Swiss travel. As we swung around the last curve and came to the summit of the long ascent, there stood a lone Swiss sentry on duty at a post which overhung the stupendous cliffs and gave an easy view throughout its entire serpentine length of the long road over which we had just been traveling. His drab uniform seemed to fade ghostlike into the darkening twilight, his steel helmet gleamed with the rain which had been falling during the afternoon, his rifle rested lightly in the angle of the left arm. He glanced at our passing automobile just a fleeting instant, then turned his steady gaze back to the road winding thread-like through the mountain wilderness. What did this watcher expect to see coming up that pass? Was this a serious piece of sentry duty, or was it a part of the training of new army recruits? I did not know, and have not asked. But that Switzerland is everywhere on guard, and prepared to the limit of her material and human resources for war, was evident enough in this little episode. Let Italy attempt to march through Switzerland into France, or the Reich trouble this little country over German minorities as she is now troubling Czechoslovakia, and formidable armies will garrison these impenetrable mountain regions and defend them inch by inch from outrage.

It is well known, of course, that Switzerland has universal military training for her male citizens. The working of the system is interesting. All young men are conscripted for service at twenty years of age, and remain in the first rank, or class, of the army for twelve years, or until their thirty-second year. During this period, they are trained actively for three months. Thereafter, each man must report seven separate times for three weeks' intensive service. At the end of the twelve years, the recruits are transferred to the second class in the citizen army, which includes all men from thirty-two to forty years of age. These men are liable, during these eight years, to five periods of army drill of one week each. After the fortieth year, the recruits pass into the third class of reserves—men from forty to fifty (only recently forty-eight) years of age. These reserves must give one day of active service to the government every year. Under this system, with a standing army of only a few hundred men, Switzerland has a reserve army of over four hundred thousand (400,000) men. This is one soldier to every ten inhabitants of the country, which claims a population of less than four millions and a half. On this basis, the United States would have an army of over twelve million

*This paragraph was written, of course, some seven weeks ago, and thus long before the drama of Czechoslovakia came to its tragic consummation. I see no reason why it should not stand as true now as it was then.—J. H. H.

trained reservists. The Swiss drill ground is a severe school of discipline, and the Swiss soldiers, old and young, are superb examples of the military art. "We can all shoot straight," said the attractive young head-waiter at the Lucerne hotel. "Every one of us is a William Tell."

To the casual observer of Switzerland, the country would seem to be its own defense. History shows the madness of attempting to invade and conquer these mountain fastnesses. Even in days like these, it would seem impossible that any nation should dream of marching into this country. Yet Italy is building military roads to the very crest of the snowclad mountain barriers on the south, and "we have a bad neighbor over there," said one of our guides pointing to the north. What we really see in this Swiss preparedness, maintained at relatively huge expense for a land of few inhabitants and little wealth, is just a part of the contemporary European atmosphere—just one more illustration of the present European psychology. No people anywhere want war, but all people everywhere fear and anticipate it. For any nation, in this psychological atmosphere—especially when placed, like Switzerland, at the very heart of the continent, with huge imperialistic powers armed to the teeth on every side—for any nation, I say, not to arm itself as best it can is practically unthinkable. The process has its function, I have no doubt, if only as a device for quieting the nerves and enabling men and women to sleep at night. For America, located on the other side of the globe from any point of danger, to enter into this preparedness business, still seems to me to be the essence of all that is ridiculous. Imagine Germany, or Italy, or Japan trying to get at us with tanks, artillery, machine guns, even bombing planes! But Switzerland lies at the very core of the world's chaos. If a war starts anywhere in Europe, this little land will be instantly ringed with fire. Let me emphasize, with all possible clarity, that my pacifist sentiments remain today what they have always been. I believe preparedness to be as futile from the standpoint of expediency as it is wrong from the standpoint of principle, and always a provocation to and not a preventative of war. I would have each nation, and all nations, disarm at once. But I think I can understand preparedness as a political and psychological phenomena, even when I cannot approve it. And never did I understand it more clearly than in Switzerland!

III.

The spirit of freedom in Switzerland is like the air of its mountains—pure, stimulating, inspiring. The history of the land is of course an epic of freedom. Its experience is that of one of the most successful democracies in the world. To the American in Switzerland it is enormously impressive to see liberty in its very essence made wholly consistent with the public ownership and operation of railroads and electric power, large and powerful trade unions, an active Socialist party, and prosperous coöperative societies. What are we afraid of in America that we do not straightway incorporate these institutions into our democratic republic? It is interesting also to note the attitude of the Switzers toward the dictators north and south of their borders. There is nobody in this little country, so near the realities of dictatorship, saying that "what we need here is a Hitler or a Mussolini." I should like to have these Switzers hear some of our good American patriots, so-called, giving vent to this sentiment, and watch their faces.

Nothing in all my trip was quite so amusing as the attitude toward the Italians of a certain Switzer who had charge of a certain tourist party (I attempt no identification!) which crossed and recrossed the Italian frontier. He was a circumspect and close-mouthed individual, as became a man whose business took him constantly into Italy. I could not get him to talk, nor give any definite expression to his convictions. But was there ever such eloquence of contempt as in his lifted eyebrows, his swift glances of the eye, his almost imperceptible gestures of the hand, when comparison after comparison between Italy and Switzerland came to our attention. "Ah, well," he said once in answer to an inquiry, in a tone of voice as expressive as that of an opera singer, "Ah, well—you must remember we are in Italy." Again, in an undertone, "One must be careful here!" How he loathed it, this free son of a free country—this repression, this browbeating of a helpless people, these absurd restrictions at the frontier, this whole dead weight of tyranny! I could see this man expand when he crossed the line back into his own country. He seemed like a diver coming up from the dark and crushing depths of the sea into the free air above.

This case was typical, not exceptional. It is the temper of a whole country, to whose people liberty is as the very breath of life. I wondered, if Switzerland were made to undergo the experience of Italy and Germany in the last quarter of a century, and a demagogue appeared among its people, would these people succumb, as the people of Italy and Germany have succumbed respectively to Mussolini and Hitler? The query is not as absurd as it may seem for Switzerland is poor, and needs resources desperately. Yet is the very thought of such a thing impossible! There is something, after all, in the temper of a nation. There is more in its training. For four hundred years and more, the citizens of these mountain cantons have been practicing democracy. Their free institutions are as indigenous, and now as native to soil and soul, as the parliament in England, or the town-meeting in Massachusetts. The Switzers are as inured to the ways of liberty as fish to the sea or birds to the air. Though democracy disappear elsewhere, it will endure in Switzerland. This country, and the other little countries of Europe—Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland—are they not the real hope of the world?

IV.

To travel and to live in Switzerland, even for a little time and as a mere tourist, is to have new faith in mankind, and new anticipations of mankind's future on this planet.

We are told in the old Bible legend that, when the great flood engulfed the earth and only Noah and his family were left, the Ark grounded at last on Ararat —and man was saved, and history went on. There was a mountain, in other words, which the flood was unable to engulf.

As we look at Europe today, we seem to see a flood rising—a flood of tyranny and terror, of despair and doom and death. For years now the crest of this flood has been creeping up and ever up. Country after country has been overwhelmed, and people after people engulfed. How much higher this flood is destined to climb, we do not know—nor how much devastation it is yet to work upon the earth. But some day the flood will stay, and mountain peaks will still gleam white and beautiful above its whirling waters. We need not despair, even in the darkest hour. The ark of God will live.

Lucerne, Switzerland

The Buddha's Way of Peace*

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR

Being a Hindu but not a mystic, I shall address myself to two everyday problems in which you and I are interested in our daily lives, problems of human relations and fellowship. The two problems I wish to discuss are the problem of tolerance and the problem of peace. What has Lord Buddha to say on these two points? Has His teaching any validity for our day and age? If it has validity, how vital is His teaching in these respects?

To begin with, it is an interesting historical fact that of the great missionary religions of the world Buddhism alone spread far and wide from the land of its birth into other lands, without bloodshed and warfare. Fire and sword have been used by other missionary religions as instrumentalities in their propagation; Buddhism trod the straight and narrow path of *Ahimsa* (non-violence: love). In the lives of Buddhist missionaries *Ahimsa* meant a tempering of zeal for the propagation of Buddha's gospel with consideration for the values cherished by the prospective convert. This attitude of tolerance and appreciation of other religions Buddhism took over from Hinduism; by being consistently loyal to this attitude in its world-wide career, Buddhism has made a vital contribution to the whole world in terms of the processes of acculturation and peaceful penetration wherever it has gone.

The meaning of *Ahimsa* as a way of life, as conceived by its outstanding adherents, from the very beginning, has been preserved for us in the many Rock and Pillar Edicts of Emperor Asoka (273-232 B. C.), whom H. G. Wells considers one of the six immortals of human history. Asoka's title to immortality, in Mr. Wells' judgment, rests in the fact that he was the only emperor on record who, after a series of successful battles, restored the conquered territories to his vanquished foes and forbade further warfare in his domains. One of Asoka's Edicts would seem to have had special reference to this occasion; for, are we not here, Hindus and Muslims, Parsees and Christians, Jews and Sikhs, gathered together with our Buddhist friends to glorify the name of Prince Gautama, the Blessed Siddhartha, the Lord Buddha, the Enlightened One? Listen to an extract from Asoka's Rock Edict XII:

> There ought not to be any special glorification of one's own sect or condemnation of another's sect. On the contrary, others' sects should be honored on every appropriate occasion. By so doing one exalts one's own sect and does service to another's sect. By doing otherwise one injures one's own sect and also harms another sect. For, one who does honor to one's own sect and condemns another's sect—all through attachment to one's own sect—in the hope of rendering one's own sect effulgent, such an one is in reality injuring his own sect very severely.

As for the problem of peace, Buddha's name is as indissolubly bound up with the doctrine of *Ahimsa* as is that of Mahatma Gandhi in our generation. From Buddha to Gandhi is a span of twenty-five centuries. All through this period—indeed, for an equally long stretch of time prior to the time of Buddha as well—all through this period, there is one unbroken thread running through Hindese (Indian) history—the doctrine of *Ahimsa!*

Forbidding warfare by imperial edict, as Asoka did, is an act of *Ahimsa;* but not all of us are emperors. How can we, ordinary mortals, put *Ahimsa* into practice? Here we are greatly aided by Gandhi's interpretation of *Ahimsa.* "To a votary of *Ahimsa,*" says the Mahatma, "there are no enemies. If some one, however, considers *himself* to be my enemy, I cannot help that circumstance." In other words, the votary of *Ahimsa* refuses to recognize the existence of enemies: to him all are friends, all are brothers and sisters. And what is to be done with those who persist in considering themselves to be your enemies and acting as such? —you may legitimately ask. Well, Gandhi's answer is simple and compelling: Practise *Ahimsa,* i. e., resort to *Satyagraha,* to Soul Force, to Truth Force, to Love Force, by inviting sufferings on your devoted head, in the extreme situation, if necessary, to the end that the conscience of the "adversary" may be quickened.

That way lies peace—and that I conceive to be the Buddha's way of peace.

*This article contains the substance of an address delivered by the writer at the Celebration of the 2482nd Anniversary of the Birthday of Buddha, in New York City, on May 14, 1938.—*Editor.*

To Buddha, on His Birthday

The world, seized by the fury of carnage,
Writhes in the ceaseless grip of conflicts.
Crooked are its ways, tangled its coils of bondage.
Wearily waits the earth for a new birth of thine;
Save her, Great Heart, utter thy eternal words,
Let blossom love's lotus with its honey inexhaustible.

O Serene, O Free, thou Soul of Infinite Sanctity,
Cleanse this earth of her stains, O Merciful.

Thou great Giver of Self,
Initiate us in the penance of sacrifice,
Take, Divine Beggar, our pride for thine alms,
Soothe the sorrowing worlds, scatter the mist of unreason,
Light up Truth's sunrise;
Let life become fulfilled, the sightless find his vision.

O Serene, O Free, thou Soul of Infinite Sanctity,
Cleanse this earth of her stains, O Merciful.

Man's heart is in anguish with the fever of unrest,
With the poison of self-seeking,
With a thirst that knows no end.
Countries, far and wide, flaunt on their foreheads
The blood-red mark of hatred.
Touch them with thy right hand,
Make them one in spirit,
Bring harmony into their life,
Bring rhythm of beauty.

O Serene, O Free, thou Soul of Infinite Sanctity,
Cleanse this earth of her stains, O Merciful.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The Study Table

"You Cannot Kill the Troubadours"

One proof of the strength and health of poetry in the United States during the last quarter of a century is that its history cannot be recorded in the chronicle of any individual or group. If it could be, the chronicle would be *A Poet's Life: Seventy Years in a Changing World,*[1] the autobiography of Harriet Monroe and the group of which her journal, *Poetry,* was the hub.

Though neither the most widely circulated nor the most widely quoted of the approximately half a hundred poetry magazines, *Poetry* was the first to be established and even after the death of the doughty woman who founded it in 1912, and edited it until her death in 1936, it stands well to the fore in prestige. *Poetry* is the second most important personality in *A Poet's Life.* Of course, the most dominant not only in her autobiography but also wherever else its author was present was Harriet Monroe. The "changing world" plays but a minor role.

Miss Monroe's autobiography takes us back to Chicago before the fire, which destroyed her father's law library, "the finest in the West"—back to a young womanhood of comfort and travel, of writing for Hearst and suing to make more money out of her ode for the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, of friendship with Eugene Field and other literary stars or rockets preluding the contacts she was much later to have with so many of today's most eminent poets.

"How dull are even last year's merely aesthetic discussions! How quickly all the clever fireworks become charred and smudged remains!" This seems as inevitable a reaction as the quickening glow of spirit at the thought, "They, too, were of us and are with us!" that warms us when we read of the actions of social idealists, however remote in space or time.

Bits from editorials stud the pages beside abounding quotations from many figures that shone either from inner illumination or else from shrewd stepping into the literary spotlight. That grasshopper in cultural fields, Ezra Pound, and D. H. Lawrence, who never wholly escaped from mining in hidden caves for sooty treasure, appear beside the luminous evangelist, Vachel Lindsay. Randolph Bourne and Van Wyck Brooks enter only to protest against her tendency to "treat poetry entirely in terms of itself." Angela Morgan, William Ellery Leonard, Charles Erskine, Scott Wood, indeed a rather surprisingly large number of the enduring names, especially those whose work has aided social progress, are missing.

In her closing words, Harriet Monroe exclaims, "The mystery is not the greatness of life, but its littleness." Her very last words are of "the bitter falsehood that underlies all the dark evils of the world." Is it so that a true poet and sound judge of poetry speaks? Not so Emerson, who declared, "Poetry is faith." Not so Shelley! And in our own day not so three UNITY contributors unmentioned by Harriet Monroe but in our judgment she mentions none greater: Louis Ginsberg, E. Merrill Root, and Stanton A. Coblentz.

> "The only things we ever keep
> Are what we give away,"

Louis Ginsberg tells us in "The Eternal Minute,"[2] illustrating his gift for epigram unexcelled in poetry since Pope and vastly more illuminating to us today than are Pope's labored couplets. Reminding us that "the weakest is the strongest, too" and the pliant river cuts away the proudest mountain, he proclaims "the only nation is the soul." His unsurpassed brilliance of thought and phrasing is used to light humanity on its way toward civilization.

A twin beacon is kept burning by E. Merrill Root, whose "Dawn Is Forever"[3] we believe Cervantes would have been proud to have written and Unamuno to interpret. Not that interpretation is needed! Our truly great contemporaries prove that clarity and profundity are not incompatible, and lyrics can hold a scientific age's most vital and universal thoughts. Imagery is Root's special crafts claim to immortality—and it makes his poems a joyous adventure to read. He never lets us forget that "the world is a dancing star" with joy the abiding fact.

Far more facile than Ginsberg or Root and with less highly individualized talent but with comparable breadth of vision and importance of content stands a figure whose editorial services to poetry rate little if any less than those of Miss Monroe and are offset by no disservices: Stanton A. Coblentz. His latest of a long line of distinguished volumes, "Songs by the Wayside,"[4] blends the workings of Meredith's high concept of the comic spirit with a very lively sense of the true dignities in this tragicomedy, *not farce* except in interludes, that we call life.

Unpretentious pastoral and domestic verse with a section tonic with salt spray, all of it as New England as the scent of sky-bound pines and the taste of sassafras, is presented by our contributor, Grace Miner Lippincott, in "Skylines of New England,"[5] popular verse that is strongly appealing.

Fania Kruger, on the acknowledgment page of whose "Cossack Laughter"[6] UNITY is named, faces life fearlessly, crying out on behalf of the million who "die and a million freeze" so "that one may have his unearned ease,"

> "Death and hunger—hunger—death—
> God, what a price to pay for breath!"

She has known pogroms at first hand and witnessed the cruelty of Czarist Russia. She tells of them in poems that make your eyes and heart burn as you read. She perceives tragedy in the American ghetto, too, and presents it with power. Surely she has earned the right to despair. But she does not. On the contrary, this woman, who stands with Lola Ridge as one of the great women poets of her race and the human race, evokes courage in "Deep Sowing,"

> "O aching heart, transcend and fortify
> Your hurt with lyric words, by tender sowing
> Till you can voice, above life's troubled cry,
> The raptured wisdom of eternal growing."

Etta Josephean Murfey is another UNITY contributor who knows that justice "shall endure though men betray." In her first book she tells with characteristic deftness of "Brothers":

> "One paid the debt for quenching life
> Within a steel-bound chair;
> Another, versed in ways of strife,
> Flaunted a croix de guerre."

Most of her "Petals of Song"[7] are lovely; many are dainty; all have a perfume that brings you back.

Nellie I. Crabb is a future contributor, we trust, to these pages. But her "Seeking"[8] is such a thor-

oughly delightful volume, wholly modest and simple and yet deeply significant, that we owe it to you to tell you of it. Hers is certainly Art for Hearts' Sake. The tragedy of "Miner's Sweetheart" you cannot escape, but deceptively casual is her admission that she believes in world peace, loves distant peoples, and would be ready for the millenium if her next-door neighbor would keep his chickens out of her garden.

At least one of the verses in "Silence Is Yellow!"[9] by Florence E. Marshall has been read by UNITY readers and the sentiment would qualify in all. It is a 93-page arsenal of arguments against war put into clever jingles that should prove most welcome to all campaigners for peace. It applies Gen. Smedley Butler's dictum that Mars may be more readily laughed out of the world then preached out. Even believers in "murder set to music" who see nothing wrong in 21,000 millionaires, some with 800 per cent profit on their war investments, having been made in the United States during the World War that cost thirty million lives, only 5 per cent of the soldiers being volunteers, may be willing to read, and heed such a statement as this:

"A pretty penny we paid for war!
Let's make an honest confession:
$45,000,000,000 spent
And what did we get? The depression!"

"Your welfare and mine are one," declares Kate Butler in "Harlequin Day."[10] Whether in sympathetic portraits, sympathetic with even the "over-privileged child" afflicted with "Too Much and Too Many," ecstatic outdoor sketches or thoughtful social and religious poetry, this gifted UNITY contributor, long a social worker, delights mind and spirit.

Opportunities to exercise our religious tolerance as well as to exult in poems of peace and brotherhood that rise above eloquence into expression that should endure abound in Benjamin Francis Musser's 749-page "The Bird Below the Waves,"[11] the collected spiritual verse of a devout Catholic who has written for UNITY and striven for social justice. Knowing "joy is in the conflict, not in the crown" and "the poorest men on earth are they who nothing own but riches," he cries, "Life is too brief for anything but love."

The wide world is the pastorate of the Reverend E. Guy Talbott, Western Secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War, well known to UNITY readers. "A Better World"[12] is more than the title of his eagerly awaited book of poetry; it is his goal and the inevitable result of such books and lives as his. In fashioning his bell-clear and heaven-ringing sonnets and other poems he is also carving a kinder, gayer life for all. Thus, "the lark is heard above mad thunder's roar and angry cannon"—and the poets keep alive the faith of man in man.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

(1) *A Poet's Life: Seventy Years in a Changing World.* By Harriet Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. (2) *The Eternal Minute.* By Louis Ginsberg. New York: Liveright & Co. 1937. (3) *Dawn Is Forever.* By E. Merrill Root. Chicago: Robert Packard. 1938. (4) *Songs by the Wayside.* By Stanton A. Coblentz. New York: Wings Press. 1938. (5) *Sky Lines of New England.* By Grace Miner Lippincott. Atlanta: Banner Press. 1938. (6) *Cossack Laughter.* By Fania Kruger. Dallas: The Kaleidograph Press. 1937. (7) *Petals of Song.* By Etta Josephean Murfey. Paterson, N. J.: Gayren Press. 1937. (8) *Seeking.* By Nellie I. Crabb. New York: Henry Harrison. 1938. (9) *Silence Is Yellow.* (Brochure) By Florence E. Marshall. Evanston, Ill.: National W. C. T. U. Publishing House. 1938. (10) *Harlequin Day.* By Kate Butler. Emory University, Atlanta: Banner Press. 1937. (11) *The Bird Below the Waves.* By Benjamin Francis Musser. Manchester, N. H.: The Magnificat Press. 1938. (12) *A Better World.* By E. Guy Talbott. New York: Henry Harrison. 1937.

The Beginnings of the Church

CHRISTIAN BEGINNINGS. *By Morton Scott Enslin.* 533 *pp. New York: Harper and Brothers.* $3.75.

The purpose of this volume as stated by the author is to put into one book the material which a student of the New Testament ought to know. The author holds that a New Testament scholar should be familiar with the background, the roots out of which the New Testament grew. In this, of course, he is quite right. No one can read intelligently the New Testament without knowing the Old, and, in addition, that vast body of inter-testamental literature known as the Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha. The value of this book would be greatly increased by a detailed account of the religious development between the Testaments, but this would make the book too long for one volume. But the author's instinct is correct. Nobody can understand the Gospels and Epistles and Apocrypha without knowing their background.

The second part of the book is an exposition of the Gospels, the writings of Paul, and the remainder of the New Testament. All this is from the most advanced liberal point of view, commonplaces of critical scholarship, but probably largely unknown to the average reader. The book is scholarly throughout and fully documented as to sources. It is high time such a book should be written.

C. A. HAWLEY.

The Field

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terest payments are being reduced, tenancy rules are being revised, moneylenders are being curbed, and gradually a more humane existence is being evolved for these downtrodden pariahs.

The industrial workers, in some ways even worse off than the peasants, are also receiving attention. Many protective measures have been enacted for women and children; insurance against accident, safety devices, maternity benefits, factory inspection, wage levels, and similar urgent matters are being attacked and strikers are being protected. But there remains a long row to hoe.

Great interest is being aroused by a program of education, particularly since only 7 per cent of the people are literate. Craft schools and schools teaching the three R's are making headway, though counsels are divided on the program to be followed.

In and through all of this significant change the influence of Mahatma Gandhi is clearly discernible. Though he is no longer a member of the Congress Working Committee, his authority is greater than that of any other man, including the excellent President Nehru. He may not always be right, but he is the idol and champion of the Indian peasant and industrial workers, and he remains the great unifying influence.

British officials in India have of late shown a conciliatory attitude and are eagerly avoiding conflict with the National Congress. The great revolution is making headway and, fortunately, by non-violent means. The goal is "independence," which is interpreted in various ways, and thorough social reform. With good will on both sides, India may achieve its ends by methods of peace.

World Events.